The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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THE DECADENCE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

AT first sight such a title may seem strangely inappropriate for a time like this, when the Republicans have scored such a victory as they have not known for years past, a victory which recalls the old days of the "solid North," the days when it almost went without saying that all good men and loyal citizens would vote for the Republican candidate, and when the Democratic party had a fair prospect of going out of sight forever north of Mason and Dixon's Line. And yet, the series of political changes of which this last election has been the climax show, perhaps, more plainly than any other indication, how far the party has lost its hold on the mass of voters. There was a time when, to the average man, party allegiance was almost a religion; possibly we might say that it is so still, only now, instead of being an object of loyal devotion, the party has become the fetich of a savage,—to be extravagantly lauded and honored when times are good, and to be cast out with abuse and contumely, when times are bad.

But if, turning from the mere outward successes of the party, we look at its principles and personnel, its decadence becomes even more marked. When the party first came into power, it was pre-eminently a party of principle. Its leaders were the wisest statesmen, the profoundest thinkers, the truest patriots, the most conscientious apostles of freedom throughout the whole North. In its ranks were found moral earnestness, intelligence, devotion to principle, unswerving adherence to a noble cause. From Maine to California the native Americans united in its support; the conscience and intellect of New England, the unfaltering enthusiasm of the Middle States, the fiery dash and impetuosity of the West, pressed to its service. And it justified their devotion right royally. It was not only the party of great men, it was the party of great principles. Organized originally to resist the extension and perpetuation of slavery, it came to stand for the idea of loyalty, for the preservation of the Union. Later it stood for freedom and equal rights to all, and it was a party of performance, as well as of theory. It had no need of lengthy platforms to announce the faith that was in it, for it translated its principles into practice, and none could mistake them.

Such was the Republican party; to-day what is it? It is no longer the party of great men. A few of the old names still linger in its ranks, but they belong to a former generation, and no new men are coming forward to fill their places. Thirty years ago it contained the best minds of the country; to-day, the significant assertion is made that not a single president of an Eastern college is to be found in its ranks. Worse still, it is no longer a party of principle. It would be hard to mention one theory beyond that of the desirability of keeping their party in power, which one could count on finding supported by all, or even by a large majority of Republicans. In 1860 and 1864 the success of the party was a matter of vital import; but who to-day votes the Republican ticket on principle, or seriously believes that it makes any material difference to the prosperity and honor of the country which of the two great parties is in control?

In considering this alteration in the party, one notices two distinct periods of decadence, each with its marked characteristics, and each producing a corresponding revolt of the better class of voters. In the first period, '65 to '72, the degeneration was largely due to external causes,—to the conditions which the war had brought about both within and without the party

organization; in the second period, from '72 to the present time, the deterioration was due to the working out of tendencies inherent in the party itself. During the first stage the errors of the Republicans were conspicuous and of rapid development, and the revolt of public sentiment against them was no less pronounced and violent. Throughout the second, the influences dragging the party down have been quieter, more gradual, and more pervasive in their operation, and, naturally, the movement away from the ranks caused by them has been far more serious and permanent than the work of '72. In the first period the party made serious mistakes, but it had the courage of its convictions; in the second, its mistakes were less obvious, but show a deeper moral deterioration. The first stage in the downward course produced the Liberal Republican movement; the second brought about the more serious defection of the Independents and Mugwumps; and in considering the causes of these two movements, we consider the causes of the decline of the Republican party.

First, then, as to the Liberal Republican movement. Its causes were twofold: the attitude of the Republicans toward reconstruction, and the political corruption of the party. The latter cause became so much more effective in the second period, that it may better be considered in that connection. For the former, let us briefly review the changing tendency of the party.

When, in 1863, Lincoln proposed his plan of reconstruction, there is no evidence of a disposition on the part of the Republicans to use their power vindictively, or to exact from the South anything in the way of a penalty. There was a determination that the fruits of the war should not be lost; the supremacy of the Union must be admitted, the abolition of slavery must be accepted; but that was all. When, however, in the troubled years between '65 and '68, Seward and Johnson attempted to carry out a plan of reconstruction much like Lincoln's, it became evident that the spirit of the party had changed. From '65 to the time when the last State was restored to the Union, there was ground for complaint that Congress had become both vindictive and vacillating. It was not only that prominent members talked at wearisome length of the necessity for punishing the South, the advisability of "bringing it to its knees," of forcing it to bring forth "works meet for repentance." Had there been nothing but talk, then, however one might

have questioned the taste and generosity of the speakers, there would have been no ground of complaint against the party. But, unfortunately, what was said was less than what was done. Condition after condition was imposed, and more than once a State, having fully complied with the requirements of Congress, found that in the meantime some new test had been decided upon, and Congress denied or delayed admission to the delegates elected under its own guaranties. Perhaps one might assign two reasons for this change in the attitude of the Republicans. The first was a sincere and well-founded belief that were the States too lightly readmitted the negroes would be practically re-enslaved. The second is less creditable to the party. There had taken place an unmistakable development of party feeling, and of determination that political supremacy should remain in the hands of the Republicans. There were several causes for this retrogression. The strength the Democrats showed in the elections of '64 had alarmed their opponents. The assassination of Lincoln had greatly increased the bitterness of Northern feeling toward the South, and the struggle between Johnson and his party tended constantly to strengthen this sentiment. Moreover, in the natural course of political development, the baser element was coming to the front in the Republican party. It is inevitable that success should attract a swarm of political adventurers who care nothing for principle but much for place, and who will sacrifice the interests of the nation to their own without scruple. To this element the one important point was that Republican supremacy should be maintained, and this they were determined to secure at any cost. Yet if the seceding States were readmitted on the terms proposed by Lincoln and later by Johnson, it was certain that Republican ascendancy would be endangered, if not lost. Naturally, then, the place hunters were resolute in demanding a sterner policy of reconstruction.

So, affected by the bitterness of feeling which developed after hostilities were practically over, swayed by a fear of Democratic ascendancy which was partly due to disinterested devotion to the national welfare and partly caused by a keen sense of their personal interests, and influenced by a wholly generous desire to protect the negro, the Republican party entered upon a series of rather remarkable actions. At first it was found necessary to defend the constitutional rights of the colored race by measures of, to say the least, doubtful constitutionality. Then the right of suffrage was con-

ferred upon a population of four million whose only training for it had been received in the school of slavery. Then, to teach these recently emancipated negroes how to use their ballots, the South was overrun with carpet-baggers and politicians of the corner grocery type; and when the educated and respectable part of the Southern population objected to the class rule, which was made possible only through their own partial disfranchisement, the military forces of the Union were called on to support the governments which, without such aid, could not have stood a day. Then, having completely inverted the social pyramid, having thrown political control into the hands of the most ignorant and debased portion of the community, having produced throughout the seceding States a reign of confusion, of disorder, of corrupt and reckless misgovernment, compared with which the conditions prevailing during the war had been mild and pleasant, the reconstructionists stood off and called on the whole world to admire their work, and to wonder at the wickedness of a people who could oppose a government of negroes and carpetbaggers, supported by Federal armies. What wonder that sympathy for the South was roused, and that many a fair-minded Northerner felt that reconstruction really meant something very like revenge, and that solicitude for the rights of the negroes was used as a cloak to hide a vindictive determination to punish the South, and an unscrupulous determination to keep the Republican party in power at all hazards!

But there was another feature of the Republican attitude toward reconstruction which was, perhaps, equally effective in alienating some of the leading men, and that was the strong tendency toward a centralization of power which the Republicans showed. During the war even the indefinite war powers of the central government had been stretched to the utmost; but all felt that the needs of the time justified such action, and that it was better to have a strong, even a despotic central government than none at all. The same plea of necessity justified some of the extra-constitutional measures taken for the protection of the freedmen immediately after the war; but when year after year passed away and Congress showed no disposition to resign anything of the power it had assumed, but seemed instead disposed to extend it, not a few in the party began to feel that the principle of centralization was being carried too far, and that now, as in the heyday of the Federal party, there was need of a vigorous opposition if local autonomy

was not to be seriously endangered. It was felt to be a question of national importance; for, as Cairnes had pointed out years before, love of authority grows with its exercise, and if Congress could assume supreme power over the Southern States, there was no good reason why it should not extend this power to include the Northern. More than one of the reconstruction measures were felt to be a serious menace to the independence of the States. "The Georgia bill," says a Northern writer of the times, "has effectually put an end to all the rights formerly reserved to the States, and has vested them in Congress." The Supreme Court bill of 1870 was viewed with more alarm, as an attempt to subordinate the judicial power of the nation to Congress, and to make the latter the supreme and final judge of the extent of its own judicial authority. But when, in 1871, the Force Bill was passed, it became evident that Congress had gone further than the party, as a whole, would consent to be led, and that a defection was imminent.

Such seem to have been the causes of the Liberal Republican movement. It is doubtful whether either of them alone would have been sufficient to force out from the party the men who made up this revolt, but the two, combined with the growing evidences of corruption in the Republican organization, were too strong to be resisted. Men like Sumner, for instance, could not remain in the old party; there was no place there for them. Neither could they go into the Democratic party, which at that time had not accepted the results of the war, and was as far from adopting their principles in the one direction as the Republicans were in the other; and so they were forced into the doubtful experiment of attempting to found a new party—the Liberal Republicans. It is no part of this paper to give an account of the new party, or to consider the causes for its failure. Its only feature of interest to us is found in certain results it produced in the Republican party, which will become apparent as we consider the next period.

The causes for the rise and growth of a body of independent voters between 1872 and 1892 are not so definite and clear cut as the causes for the Liberal Republican movement, and the difficulty of deciding upon them is increased by the fact that we are leaving the domain of history, and coming down to the sphere of contemporary politics, in which opinions and partisan statements are so plentiful that facts are rather hard to discover.

Nevertheless, I believe one may safely assert these three causes for the rise of the independent voter: First, the corruption existing in the Republican party. (This does not, of course, imply that the corruption of the Republican party has been greater than that of the Democrats, except in so far as the former had the greater opportunities, but whereas the better class of Republicans were driven out by this, the Democrats, as a whole, seem to have accepted it very calmly.) Second, the timidity the Republican party has shown in taking any decided stand upon the new questions which have come up since the war. Third, the growing conviction, due to these two causes, that desirable results may be secured more effectually by action outside of party lines than within.

First, as to the corruption of the Republican party. At first sight it seems strange that a party of principle, as it was in its inception, containing the best and purest of our public men, should sink so quickly and to such a depth in the mire of political corruption; but there was sufficient reason. "Every political movement," says some writer, "must go through three phases, the revolutionary, the constructive, and the administrative, and each of these in turn demands its whole attention." There is no question that between 1860 and 1870 the Republican party was going through the revolutionary and constructive phases, and all the mind and conscience the party had were needed for these problems. The administrative side was left to get along as best it could, with the natural result that it got along very badly indeed. The war increased enormously the number of offices and the chances for dishonest practices, at the same time that it withdrew public attention from what was going on there. After the war, reconstruction was the absorbing question for the better element of the party, and it, again, furnished increased opportunity for political jobbery. Everything seemed to combine to help along this tendency to corruption. The absorption of the nation in the great question of the war, the period of general demoralization which followed on the return of peace, the inexperience of some of the highest officials, and the very shady experience of others—all worked to the same end. The Liberal Republican movement, which might have served as a check on the tendency, seemed rather to increase it, and that in two ways: it took out of the party a number of the best men, so that the baser element became relatively stronger; and this

disreputable element, seeing that the Liberal Republican movement was a failure, felt itself strong enough to get on without the aid of the reputable portion, and became more defiantly regardless of all restraints, save those of self-interest, than ever before. This tendency reached its climax in Grant's second term. Matters have been bad enough since then, often and often, but they have never come to quite such a pitch. It is not worth while to dwell on the scandals which disgraced the dominant party during those years; they are not pleasant reading for any one who cares for either the organization or the country.

This first cause, however, effective as it was, does not seem to have been the strongest reason for the rise of the independent voter. A man might thoroughly detest the corruption of his party, and yet, for the sake of the principles it advocated, do his best to keep it in power; but the trouble with the Republican party was that by '76 it had no principles, or, at least, none worth fighting for. The principles on which it came into existence had been carried into effect, and the party had no others. New questions were coming to the front, and the party dared not take any definite position on them. The old questions were dead issues, the country was moving on, and the Republican party, instead of being in the van of the movement, spent half its energy in the endeavor not to commit itself to anything, and the other half in arguing that since it had once done a splendid work, it was perfectly obvious that no other party could ever be safely trusted with the reins of power. To understand the cause of this timidity, we have to go back to the origin of the party. When, in 1856, the Republican party first placed a presidential candidate in the field, its one purpose was to restrict the spread of slavery into the Territories. Later, its constitutional opposition to slavery deepened and widened into a passion for the Union which absorbed all matters of lesser import, and caused all minor disagreements to drop out of sight. "The members of the party," says one of its early leaders, "united on an object, not a creed." As a consequence, men of every shade of political belief and unbelief, except on the two great questions of slavery and the war, enrolled themselves under its banners. There were tariff men and free traders, conservative Whigs and radical Democrats, Know-nothings and anti-Know-nothings, strict constructionists and Federalists. For a time these diverse, if not absolutely antagonistic, elements

were held together by the strong centripetal force of their common love for the Union and their common purpose to save it; but after that purpose had been achieved, what remained for it as a party? The work for which it had been formed was accomplished. It could pursue a definite policy on the new questions now coming up for solution only at the cost of alienating some portion of its supporters. Inaction would not satisfy its adherents, but action was pretty sure to dissatisfy them. So the Republican party tried very hard to please all men by its platforms and offend none by its practice, and to make up for its lack of principles by a plentiful supply of promises, with the natural result of discrediting its pledges, and causing all but the politician class to question whether it had any good reason for still existing. This doubt began to show itself as soon as the matter of reconstruction was fairly out of the way. "The two parties," says one critic in '72, "have had in times past definite principles on which to act, or definite objects to attain. They are both now generally admitted to be destitute of either, except that the one party, being in control of affairs, desires to retain that control; and the other, not having been in control for some twelve years, desires to regain it." By 1876, one of their leaders remarked that the Republicans reminded him of nothing so much as an army whose term of enlistment had expired; and another, after comparing the platforms of the two parties, observes: "The only difference between them seems to be that the Republicans assert that the Democrats, if elected, will not keep their promises of good government; while the Democrats retort, with some show of reason, that the Republicans have not kept theirs."

In this state of affairs, with a great deal in the practice of the Republican party to offend the better class, and very little in its principles to attract them, it may seem singular that the Independent movement was of such slow growth; for though it had begun before '76, it was not until '84 that it was recognized as a factor to be taken into account in casting up the political sum. This slowness was largely due to a fear of throwing the control of affairs into Democratic hands, and still more to a real attachment to the party. Naturally the fear of Democratic rule grew weaker and weaker as the Democrats emerged from the shadow of their war record, and as it was found that they were regaining one degree of power after another without the country's being ruined thereby. Still, the fear was deeply rooted,

and even after their votes had elected Cleveland, the independent voters seem to have been very dubious as to the outcome of this change in party rule. But perhaps a stronger reason than fear of the Democrats was party attachment. This was to some extent an almost superstitious reverence for the party as an "enduring organization corresponding to the old-fashioned idea of a church, outside of which no good thing can exist, and inside of which all good things must originate." But stronger than this was a real devotion to the party itself. It had meant so much, it had stood for such high principle and such heroic practice, its followers had supported it with such ardent enthusiasm and had felt their devotion so richly justified once, that it was hard for them to turn away from it. They did not do so lightly; they tried again and again to reform the party from within, but every year showed more plainly that this was impossible; and the same love for their country's welfare which had once brought them into the Republican column now forced them reluctantly out of it. They did not wish to form a new party. The experiment of '72 had shown the difficulties and dangers of such a course, and after the election of '84 it became evident that by binding themselves by no pledges, but by holding themselves ready to vote for whichever party should bring forward the better men and purer measures, they could accomplish far more than by uniting themselves with any party organization.

Such seem to be the principal reasons for the alteration in the character of the Republican party. Its attitude toward reconstruction drove out many of its prominent men, and brought the first marked diminution of its power. Later, its own corruption, its political timidity, its persistent clinging to dead issues and equally persistent refusal to adapt itself to the needs of the present day, have gradually alienated the intellect and moral sentiment of the party. The legitimate descendants of the men who made the Republican party what it was in its early days are in the ranks of the independent voters, and their places have been filled by the conservatives who cling to the old order merely because it is old, by the professional politician and the spoilsman. The glory of the organization has departed, and the Republican party of to-day is a pitiable travesty upon the party, strong in its principles, in its leaders and its followers, which came into power thirty-four years ago.

M. K. Conyngton, '94.

OFFERING.

No wondrous gifts of poesy nor song
  Have I to bring and lay at thy dear feet,
  Where many offer daily, as is meet,
The incense of devotion, pure and strong.
My songs are only thoughts, but thoughts so long
  They make the broken intervals complete,
  And bring my soul from far with thine to meet
At Love's great golden altar. In the throng
  Only thy face I see; thy gentle voice
Sounds in mine ear with sweeter tone than all.
  Others may sing for thee, I may not; mine
  Is but to stand and love thee, and rejoice
In all the blessings that upon thee fall,
  And pray my simple prayer, "All good be thine."

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

TWO ITALIAN POETS.

"POLITICAL Italy is a fact," said, twenty years ago, Carducci, her greatest modern man of letters. "It is now our part to recreate Italy moral, Italy intellectual, Italy living and true." Since the words were uttered, what signs of the appearance of this new Italy? So far as literature is concerned, there seem candidly to be few; yet the attentive foreigner, listening, hears now and then a name round which the enthusiasm of the Italian youth seems to gather.

Two of the more important of such names seem, just now, to be Gabriel D'Aumunzio and Ada Negri. These poets, both under thirty, stand more or less for the young Italy of the hour, and their slender volumes run swiftly into third or fifth editions.

It is not hard to find the literary kindred of D'Aumunzio. We should perhaps feel flattered that his poetry, like much on the continent to-day, is inspired by English models, and even by American. He is one of, may we say, the exasperatingly large number of literary Europeans who, ignorant of the names of Emerson or Lowell, have nurtured their young genius and fed their young enthusiasms on the perusal of Whitman and "Po-é."

Also, he has read Rossetti; also, he has contemplated the creations of Burne-Jones-Symboliet; décadent, what you will, his work is echo-music. As Italian, and young, D'Aumunzio has also read Carducci; but the sounding patriotic verse in which he follows the tradition of the greater master, rings to the outsider a little hollow. His power—which is real—lies in the production of what may be described as the Condensed Thrill. A poemlet of a dozen stanzas: a languid description of weary landscape, weary man, and wearier woman—and at the end a leap, a throb, a flash. Much of his poetry is, I am told, unreadable. The "Poema Paradisaico" is a series of lyrics, woven into a kind of unity by a story of passion hinted, but never told. Its subtlety—for subtle it is—is of that modern order which follows the dearth of large experience. The poetry of decadence, worn out young, it seeks in the use of motifs of innocence and tenderness an indirect suggestion of the reverse, and a new sting for the jaded soul. This sort of inspiration makes the author open the volume with very pretty lines to his old nurse. The best poems deal with the return of the man weary with passion to the home-shelter, where, feigning peace and seeking oblivion, he finds forever—memory. The poems of direct passion are, as was thought long ago of Rossetti, very queer. It is the Charm of the Withered to which D'Aumunzio appears peculiarly susceptible, in nature, emotion, and even in women. There would be something depressing and alarming in these studies of faded feeling did we not suspect, in their premature lassitude, a new literary device. Even as it is, the poems are melancholy, so far as they suggest the absence of wide and normal pleasures in the Italy of to-day. D'Aumunzio holds more of "Po-é" than of Whitman. "Hortus Savarum," "The Garden of Ghosts," is a sub-title in his poem; it might cover the whole volume.

The pessimism in D'Aumunzio is that of a youth highly civilized, in which the space between physical life and sensitized emotions is filled neither by moral nor intellectual interests, and the passions accordingly play either in the void or on the flesh. The pessimism, or rather the sadness, of the other young Italian poet, Ada Negri, is more vehement, but also more substantial. One feels that it may leap at any moment into vigorous hope. Her inspiration is simple, wide, and strong. She has found what the man lacks,—a cause and a theme. The cause is socialism; the theme, the People.

An introduction, by a friend, gives us a glimpse of the life of this young girl: daughter of a workwoman, mistress of a village school; living twenty years—and in Italy, ye tourists!—with never a glimpse of mountain, ocean, or city; filled on her first visit to Milan with febrile excitement; but of this isolation, profound as that in which, on the Yorkshire moors, another girl a generation ago dreamed "Jane Eyre," has come a slender volume of poems. Unliterary, and, if a stranger may hazard an impression, often crude in technique, the verses yet throb with authentic life, and have assuredly at times the lyric cry, the lyric rush. While the man of the world is shut in upon the world of personal sentiment, the verse of this young recluse beats with the sense of modern life. Her subjects recall Morris, but are more specific. Often they are stern, sad, and vigorous. The corpse of one who has died of hunger speaks under the scalpel. We note the funeral procession of the workman who has fallen from the roof; we hearken to the hush in the song of factory workers as the hand of a woman is caught in the gruesome machine. Grim discouragement sounds through some of the poems, as the dialogue between the soul and the phantoms of the drowned, who slowly rise, with slaver on their lips, confronting and inviting. As the sunset dies on these green phantoms, the quiet sea seems in the twilight a bed for sleep. Of like motif, but different handling, is the poem where we behold the great host of the conquered, and listen to their wail. Often, however, we have a happier note: the love poetry of the People, good and gay; the happy toil of the working mother, laboring that her son may learn, and in days to come bear the oriflamme of the people; the love for the street gamin, dirty and beautiful—as he is in Italy. Again, with a larger inspiration, we hear in the mighty whirr of the machines in a factory the harsh song of the future, the appeal to the champions of happier work to be. The Song of the Spade, a very different implement from that respectable one once addressed by Wordsworth, moves with really splendid buoyancy from harsh realism to a prophecy of vigorous health and peace.

The personal poems scattered through the volume show a wild, pathetic claim of freedom in the confined youthful nature. The love of the mother is the most sincere personal feeling which plays through them. This also forms a favorite theme with D'Aumunzio, and it is interesting to compare the direct simplicity of the woman with the constant innuendo by which in the

man, the purest of feelings is made to suggest others, concealed. The contrast is representative. It is the work of the woman in these two little volumes which is virile in directness and breadth; it is the work of the man which reveals the *malaise* of hysteria. Taken all in all, it is hardly too much to say that the pessimism of D'Aumunzio is that of a world outworn, while the sadness of Ada Negri is that of a new world pressing for utterance.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

A HEPTAPODIC* ROMANCE.

I.

She was a college graduate, a modest little maid,
Appearing at her first great ball, in simple white arrayed;
So blissfully unconscious of the whispers all around,
Which spread her reputation for a learning quite profound.
In awe-struck tones they told of how she had been taught to speak
In French, Italian, German, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek;
So in the ball-room corner all alone she sat in state,
For the young men fled in terror from the college graduate.

II.

He was a nice young fellow, with a homely, honest face,
Who claimed to dance, though not, in truth, a paragon of grace;
Who was too gallant to idly hang about the ball-room door
If only half the ladies there were waltzing on the floor.
But he was not yet an adept in the art of being bright,
And he had a knack of saying just the thing that was not right;
So the belles he had engaged to dance were not disposed to wait,
And he found his only partner was the college graduate.

III.

They might have talked of Plato, and the work which he began,
Or discussed the evolution of the animal called man;
They might have joined in M. Aurelius Antoninus' praise,
Or labored through some other topic known to student days;
But though these highly interesting subjects were not tried,
And not a wise nor witty thing was said on either side,
Yet often since that evening he has blessed the kindly fate
Through which his only partner was the college graduate.

C. E. G., '92.

*See Century Dictionary.

THE PARSON'S TWINS.

In early life they were known as the "Parson's Twins"; later, they were spoken of as "Hetty and Orthy Limner"; and finally, when the June time of life was over, when the pink on Hetty's cheeks had faded, and the brightness of Orthy's brown eyes was growing a little dim, they were called by all the simple folk of the little seaside settlement, "Miss Orthy" and "Miss Hetty," and the name of Limner was wellnigh forgotten.

For nearly forty years their father had been the village pastor; a faithful shepherd who had gone in and out before his people with Christian conduct and spiritual consistency unchallenged, until at the age of sixty-one he had seen fit to marry a second time. If only he had been content to choose for himself as his devoted people would gladly have chosen for him, no adverse criticism would have been made, and the scriptural explanation that "it is not good for man to be alone," would have been unquestioningly accepted. But when good Parson Limner ventured to pass by the elect Single of his congregation, and raised to the exalted position of "the minister's wife" shy little Rachel Wheeler, who had just counted her twentieth summer, the village was righteously aghast. They never knew—how could they?—that the sweet face raised toward the old pulpit, and the gentle eyes that looked so humbly and reverently into his, had much to do with the very perceptible "softening" of their pastor's sermons all that year.

One sunny April day they were married; and in a little more than a year there stood in the village churchyard, at the head of a narrow green mound, a white stone, on which was written Rachel's name. In the little parsonage across the road, lay two small bundles of cotton and wool, from the depths of which tiny speckled fists were thrust forth from time to time, only to beat the air frantically for a minute, and then sink again out of sight.

Soon after this the parson began to fail. It was a strange case, everyone said. There seemed to be no definite symptoms of any sort, but he grew weaker and weaker, and the doctor shook his head more ominously after each visit, until one morning the village flock awoke to find itself shepherdless.

Ann Evans, Rachel's aunt, was the only watcher at hand when the end came. The sick man stirred restlessly, and his lips moved. Aunt Ann bent over the bed and caught the faintly muttered words, "Rachel—children," then all was still. "It's somethin' about those twins; perhaps it's come to him they ain't named yet," she thought, and watched anxiously for further signs of consciousness. The candle burned low in its socket, but she dared not leave the room for another. The pale lips moved again. The sound was even fainter than before, but Aunt Ann did not lose a syllable. "Orthodoxy—Heterodoxy," he whispered. The candle flame flickered and went out. When Aunt Ann brought a fresh light to the bedside she knew that Parson Limner's soul had been released. Calling a sister watcher to take her place, she went into the kitchen and sat down before the fire in great perplexity of mind.

"Folks 'll be askin' about his last words, an' if he didn't say nothin' about the children, an' I'll have to say 'Yes,' an' they'll think they're dreadful queer names," she said to herself. "An' yet, I ain't one to go contrary to a dyin' man's wish." She rested her elbows on her knees, put her chin in her hands, and gazed gloomily into the fire. At length she grew more cheerful. "I guess I'll say he named 'em 'Orthy' and 'Hetty.' That ain't so bad, an' 'twont be a lie, neither." But conscience was not yet satisfied. "I s'pose I might put in the rest for a middle name," she thought, anxious to keep to the strict letter of the law, if, in so doing, she would not compromise the parson's reputation for soundness of mind.

She rose from her chair, brought from a closet shelf a scrap of paper, and with a bit of pencil traced in cramped, angular letters,

Orthy Doxy Limner.
Hetty Rodoxy Limner.

Then with a grim determination to settle the matter beyond question, she went into the dark, stuffy little parlor, brought out the old Bible, turned to the family record, and with a rusty pen, found after much search among the household possessions (she did not venture into the Parson's study), wrote under her dead niece's name, Children, Orthy D. Limner, Hetty R. Limner, Born May 3, 1830.

As soon as Parson Limner had been carried to his resting place, by Rachel's side, Aunt Ann took the twins to her little cottage on the "Shore Road," and there, under her watchful eye, they grew from babyhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, unmindful of their early loss.

Sixty years had rolled away. Aunt Ann had long ago been laid to rest, and the sisters still lived in the little brown house on the "Shore Road." Their names had been singularly appropriate. In childhood it was Orthy who always stood at the foot of the apple tree in the little garden, while Hetty climbed to the topmost bough and shook down the juicy yellow fruit. It was Hetty who, in their early excursions to a neighboring cove, used to clamber out on a dangerous rock and face the incoming tide, until it seemed if as each succeeding wave, toppling over with thunderous roar, its white mane blown back by the wind, would wash the venturesome little sprite from her perch. But a spray bath was the worst fortune that ever befell her, and with a mocking laugh she would fly back triumphant to the sand, where Orthy, pale and trembling, stood waiting to drag her to home and safety.

They differed as much in appearance as in temperament. Orthy's straight, brown hair was the delight of Aunt Ann's heart, in its glossy "slickness"; while Hetty's rebellious yellow locks filled her with despair, for no amount of brushing or wetting would subdue their objectionable "kink." Hetty's frocks were usually adorned with three-cornered rents and disfiguring stains when she had worn them a day, while Orthy's were almost as fresh at the end of the week as at the beginning. Yet these very differences seemed only to knit their hearts more closely together, and it was the commonly accepted opinion in the little village that they never married because no one man could well wed them both, and separation was not to be thought of for a minute.

The harmony existing in this little household became a byword, and when a young couple started off on the presumably stormy seas of matrimony, no higher commendation could be given them, according to local standards, than to say that they got on together "as peaceful as Miss Orthy and Miss Hetty."

But one day a storm arose; the winds of discord blew, and the waves of dissension beat against that house and well-nigh overwhelmed "the Parson's Twins."

It happened in this way. At seven o'clock on the morning of that fateful day, the butcher's cart stopped in front of the cottage, and Billy Perkins, the Jehu of the canvas-topped vehicle, rapped vigorously on the weather-beaten door. This unwonted event sent Miss Orthy to investigate the cause at an unusually high rate of speed, only to find her sister at the door before her, and to hear her unceremonious greeting, "Bless your heart, Billy Perkins, what are you here for?" To which Miss Orthy hastened to add an inquiring "Good morning, William?"

The young driver explained that Mr. Biggins, the butcher, thought they might be out of fresh meat, and had sent them a piece of lamb. Scarcely waiting for the profuse thanks showered impartially upon Mr. Biggins for the sending, and himself for the bringing, of so rich a gift, Billy climbed back into his seat, and the cart rattled away down the stony road.

Mindful of the scrimped household purse and of many a scanty meal, Miss Orthy and Miss Hetty looked at each other wonderingly as the magnitude of their good fortune dawned upon them. They did not need to speak. Each knew the unvoiced emotions of the other's heart. Miss Orthy took hold of one end of the long brown-paper parcel, Miss Hetty grasped the other, and with genuine solemnity they bore their prize along the narrow passageway to the kitchen, and laid it in the middle of the table. Then they sat down and rested. When the excitement had subsided a little, Miss Orthy rose from her chair, set an iron pot on the stove, and filled it nearly full of water.

"What are you goin' to do, Orthy?" queried Miss Hetty, mildly.

"Well, I thought the sooner that lamb was boiling the better, if we want it for dinner," Orthy replied, beginning to untie the string around the package.

"Do you know, Orthy," continued her sister, "as I've been sittin' here, I've been thinkin' that lamb would be nice roasted. I don't know when I've tasted a bit of fresh, roasted lamb."

By this time the contents of the bundle were revealed.

"Yes," Orthy replied; "but this isn't a roasting piece. We've always boiled this kind. Don't you remember that piece of lamb we had when Nathan Low's family came to dinner? Aunt Ann boiled it."

"I don't see any reason why we should always boil it just because we

did once," remonstrated Miss Hetty, with more firmness, as she tasted in imagination the crisp deliciousness of an outside slice of nicely roasted lamb.

"Well, I do," said Orthy, with unwonted sharpness; "we might spoil it."

"Yes, and we might not," rejoined Hetty, with greater emphasis.

Argument grew hotter. Voices were pitched in a higher key. At noon the lamb, uncooked, lay in its paper wrapping in the center of the kitchen table. At a quarter after twelve Miss Orthy ate some bread and drank some tea in the little pantry. At a half after twelve Miss Hetty ate some cold gingerbread and drank a cup of milk, sitting on the back doorstep.

At five o'clock the situation was unchanged. The lamb still lay untouched on the table. No word had been spoken since nine in the morning. The two suppers were eaten independently. In the evening the sisters knitted diligently. The clicking of the needles was the only sound that broke the silence. At a quarter before nine Miss Orthy put away her work and took down from a shelf an old, worn Bible. Every night for nearly fifty years, she and Hetty had read together a chapter from the little black book. To-night the reader opened at random. "Let not the sun go down upon ——" Miss Orthy closed the book quickly; then turned deliberately to the third chapter of Chronicles, feeling that an account of the sons of David, his line to Zedekiah, and the successors of Jaconiah, furnished material sufficiently impersonal for her purpose. The reading finished, she put the Bible back on the shelf, took a candle, and disappeared into the little bedroom.

As the door closed behind her, Miss Hetty, wretched but firm, took the Bible again from its place, skimmed down a chapter, wholly unmindful of the meaning, put the book away, locked the outside door, and followed her sister. In the bedroom all was quiet. The light had been blown out, but the faint rays of the moon shining into the chamber revealed Miss Orthy lying on the farthest edge of the bed, with her face turned toward the wall. Miss Hetty undressed slowly, and lay down on the front edge of the bed. Neither stirred. How long they lay there she did not know; it seemed hours. She heard wheels pass the house and stop just beyond. Then there

was a sound of men's voices, followed by a loud pounding on the door and a cry of "Fire!"

Miss Hetty was on her feet in an instant, and throwing a coverlid about her shoulders, ran to the door.

"Who's there?" she called, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Me—Biggins! The house's afire! Open the door, can't you?" came impatiently from the man on the steps.

While Miss Hetty was hesitating between the Scylla of propriety on the one hand, and the Charybdis of danger on the other, Miss Orthy stalked into the entryway, unlocked the door, opened it a crack, and said, calmly, "What is the trouble, Mr. Biggins?"

"Trouble!" repeated the exasperated butcher, "O, nothin', only the roof's all afire, the well's too far away to bring water, an' if you want to get out alive an' save any of your things, you'd better get into some duds an' be hustlin'!"

Without waiting for further invitation he threw open the door, pushed by the two women into the little parlor, and summoning his companion, fell to work right valiantly to save the humble but cherished belongings of "the Parson's Twins."

For a minute the sisters stood dazed and helpless; but as a realization of the situation dawned upon them, their scattered wits returned, and hastily dressing, they were soon "hustlin'" in a way to satisfy even the alert Mr. Biggins, who directed his little force with the skill of a veteran general, so that by the time the interior of the cottage was too hot for safety, nearly everything of value had been taken out and set down by the roadside. As Miss Orthy and Miss Hetty left the door for the last time, carrying each an armful of tins, they looked back down the passageway. The lamb still lay in its paper wrapping in the center of the kitchen table.

"Must have caught from the chimney," volunteered the butcher, as he wiped the perspiration from his face with a dishtowel that was hanging on a corner of the parlor whatnot. "Well, we saved most everything. Mighty lucky for you that Jim Turner's hoss took sick, or I shouldn't have been ridin' down this road at one o'clock at night, Miss Hetty! Now, the best thing you can do is to go right up home with me. My wife'll give you a shakedown for the night, and be glad to. Then in the morning I'll bring

you baek, an' we'll kinder straighten things out. They'll be safe enough. There won't be nobody along this road before breakfast, I'll warrant."

But the sisters would not go; and side by side on the blaek haireloth-covered sofa, whose earven legs had been earefully dusted by Miss Orthy every morning for more than fifty years, they sat in silenee and watehed the devouring flames, until nothing was left of the little brown eottage but a heap of blaek, smoking brands. Then they went home with Mr. Biggins.

There was great exeitement the next morning when it beeame known to the villagers that Miss Orthy and Miss Hetty had been "burned out," and hospitable doors opened with offers of shelter until definite plans eould be made for their future.

It was after five o'eloek. Since early morning the sisters had been busy among their household gods. Storage room had been provided, and friendly neighbors were earrying their possessions to the village. Throughout the day only the most necessary words had passed between Miss Orthy and Miss Hetty.

The last load was gone, followed by a few lingering stragglers from the bands of sightseers who had haunted the spot all day. The sisters were alone. They sat down on the edge of the stone wall near the road. Miss Hetty, pale and weary, now the exeitement was over, was the first to speak.

"Well, we've got a good deal to be thankful for, after all. If it hadn't been for Biggins we might have been burned in our beds; and you saved that pink and green eup of Aunt Ann's, and the quilt she pieeed up for you, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Orthy, tremulous under the nervous reaction; "I'm dreadfully sorry your quilt in the trunk in the attie got burned; but, Hetty,—" here she hesitated, then nerved herself to go on,—"I guess—I guess there isn't any doubt but what that—that lamb was roasted!"

"O Orthy!" eried Miss Hetty, weakly; and in another instant they were in eaeh other's arms, weeping tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

"Wasn't it dreadful?" sobbed Miss Hetty; and Miss Orthy gave a choking assent. Eaeh knew the other did not mean the fire.

At last they loosened their arms and looked at eaeh other. Miss Hetty giggled hysterically, and Miss Orthy found herself doing the same thing, she knew not why. Then they grew quieter, and after a little, Miss Hetty

rose from the wall and went over to the ruin. Picking up a stick, she began poking the ashes with it.

"What are you looking for?" demanded Miss Orthy, who still kept her seat.

"My roast lamb," said Miss Hetty, audaciously. Her sister laughed.

"Come, child, we mustn't make Mrs. Biggins wait supper for us." She held out her hand; Hetty put hers into it, and they turned away together. Just then a thin cloud bank parted in the western sky, and the light of the sinking sun rested in benediction on the peaceful faces of the gray-haired sisters, as, hand in hand, they went down the rough "Shore Road" toward the village, and vanished round the bend.

MARY JENKS PAGE, '88.

THE DYING YEAR.

A bright star looked with its wondering eye,
The wind was holding its breath near by,
For the Cloud that came up over the hill
Had said, "O whispering Wind, be still!
Be still, and cease awhile your sighing,
The Year is dying."

The Cloud has risen and filled the sky,
And behind it the star with the wondering eye
Is hiding its grief, and the wind below
Is breathing again with a sob of woe.
"O Wind, sigh now," the Cloud had said;
"The Year is dead."

S. C. W., '95.

STARLIGHT.

Like beauty of brown lashes softly curled;
Like summer sadness known at eventide;
Like children's tears at being comforted;
Like youthful sorrow past since love began.

Coming exams. cast their shadows before.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

The morning sun shone brightly down on the Italian landscape as little Vittoria tripped along the dusty highway. She was very gay, and often a little song rose to her lips, and was only silenced by the happy thoughts which swelled in her heart and made it beat so fast that she must needs be silent and blush.

But neither the song nor the blush made her loiter; for was she not even now on the way to Rome, to see her own Pasquale,—Pasquale, whom she had slighted and sent away? But it was all right now. She should tell him that he was forgiven, and that she was sorry, and—and—oh, so much more! And to-morrow she should be coming back again over the same road, but not alone. And she blushed again, and walked a little faster. She smiled to herself to think of Pasquale's surprise when he should see her. He was always so grateful for any kindness of hers. Alas! she sighed faintly to think how few these favors had been; but her heart was light, for she knew that now she should make him happy.

In the old days, two long months before, she had scorned him as a lover, scoffed at him, and said he was awkward. She had laughed at his wooing, and told him that a man who was shy enough to stammer in his love-making would never be brave enough to face a cannon; and that she, with a toss of her head, would never marry a coward. True, she had not meant him to take her at her word; but Pasquale was always serious, and he had turned white at her taunts, and gone away without a word. She believed he would come back next day; but a week passed, and then she heard he had gone to Rome. There were rumors of an uprising under Garibaldi, and he had joined the papal troops. That night she cried herself to sleep, and visions of Pasquale's pleading eyes haunted her. When she would have written, pride held her back; until, as the weeks dragged on, bringing no message, little Vittoria grew thin and sad eyed. By day she watched for some word of him; by night she composed plaintive notes which were never sent, for she could not tell her love in that way. Pasquale would never know the depth of her devotion till he could read it in her eyes.

Then the news had come that Garibaldi was advancing from the other side of Rome, that war was imminent, and Vittoria knew that the time for action had come. She would go for Pasquale. He had run into this danger

for her sake, and she must save him. Nothing was simpler. She had said, "Go, Pasquale," and he had gone; now she would say, "Come," and to-morrow they would be walking home, between the vine-clad hills, hand in hand. Wherefore her heart was light.

The sun rose higher in the blue heavens, and the way was very dusty; but Vittoria kept a brave heart, and if her snatches of song grew less frequent, it was not from lack of courage. At noon she sat by the roadside, under a wide-branching olive tree, and ate her lunch of black bread and fruit, but she did not rest long. The miles seemed to melt away beneath her steady peasant's gait; and before she dared expect it, Rome itself, bright, glittering, beautiful, was spread before her. Then she stopped at a little stream of clear water and cooled her hot face—now rosier than ever at the prospect of seeing her lover. When she was satisfied with the reflection in the still water, she hastened on and was soon within the walls. Although a strict guard had been ordered, she had no difficulty in entering the gate, for rumors of an attack at the Porta San Paolo, on the other side of the city, had called thither all the soldiers; and for the time even the streets were deserted. All was so quiet that Vittoria trudged on unmolested. She had been in Rome before, on market day, and she knew the situation of the barracks where she must look for Pasquale. Perhaps she wondered vaguely as to the emptiness of the streets, but she was too tired to think, and the way seemed very long.

Suddenly as she turned a corner, she came upon a crowd of soldiers hurrying to the scene of conflict with loud cries of "Vive Pio Nono!" "Vive L'Italia!" but they were too occupied to notice her, and she followed them swiftly, feeling with an odd sinking at her heart that they would take her to Pasquale. On she hurried, stumbling often in her effort to keep up, until she saw in the distance long lines of soldiers waiting for the word of advance. As she came up with them the line started at double quick. Eagerly she scanned each face. Once she thought she saw him, but as she stepped forward and the file swung past she saw her error. She was turning away in despair, for the flash of the bright uniforms blinded her, when far down the line she saw a face she could not mistake. He was coming, "Pasquale!" and she ran forward to meet him. He had seen her; he was waving his hand.

Just then occurred that explosion which made Rome tremble to its foundations. A dreadful spasm shook the earth; the line of soldiers stopped, paralyzed with terror; the ground opened beneath their feet; a mighty rumble was in the air; but above all the roar and the crash, the shriek of a woman rang out, "Come, Pasquale."

HELEN M. KELSEY, '95.

HUMAN NATURE.

IT was one of those days in the latter part of October, when Nature lets fall over her glory of red and yellow a soft veil of mist. There was even a suspicion of frost in the air, and men rubbed their hands together and prophesied an early winter. The last summer wanderers were hastening home, and the hotels and cottages among the White Mountains, with their suggestively gay coloring, looked lonely and deserted.

The train coming down from Montreal was by no means crowded. The excursions had taken most of the pleasure seekers, and there were left here only a few prosaic business men and a woman or two, who were enjoying the changing scenery with that placidity which inexperienced travelers cannot seem to attain. Near the back of a car two men sat, talking in an interested way: one a minister, you would say at first glance; the other, a—it was not so easy to decide about him. The smooth face was not so young as it looked at first. The lines about the mouth were not those of inexperience, and yet, the careless way in which one heavy lock of dark hair fell across the forehead, the impetuous movement with which it was thrust back at exciting stages in the conversation, the peculiar dimple in the very middle of the chin, and, most of all, the light in the blue eyes, were almost boyish.

"I tell you, it is not Christlike to look on every man who comes to you as a wolf in sheep's clothing, even if this particular sheepskin be a beggar's coat. Turn a man away from your door and tell him to starve while you report him to the Associated Charities, and they take time to look him up! Why ——"

"But, my dear Jefferson, you are going to extremes. I don't want any starving beggars sitting on my doorsteps while that process of investigation goes on. Feed one, feed all; and your 'all' will be a pretty long train when the corporation once gets wind of the extent of your generosity. But,

I say, this childlike trust of yours is bad—bad for you and bad for the beggars. In nine cases out of ten they have no sense of gratitude, and no conception of the true usefulness of money if they get hold of some. Look at that man who 'wanted work,' the bookbinder, who came to you last winter. What became of the annotated book that you gave him to rebind, of your dollar, and of your man? By Jove! here's a case for you now! Look at that girl down front!"

Jefferson looked with his kindly, pitying eyes, and saw in the front of the car a girl who had but recently come in. You would hardly dare to call her young. If her years were not many, experience had filled up the measure, and she was already old. With her were several children, poor, starved-looking little things, whose bare, blue feet dangled pathetically from the seat. The girl herself—well, she had on shoes, or what had once been shoes, but you could look through them in places and see her feet, too. Jefferson watched the group uneasily for a while, but sat still under the amused eye of his friend, until a weak, pinched little wail came to his ears, "I want suthin'"—before a hand was clapped sharply over the child's mouth. "They're hungry!" he exclaimed, reproachfully, as he started down the aisle.

It did not take long for the practiced tact of the minister to get at the girl's story,—the same old story that he had heard so many times. Poor? Yes, not a cent. The tickets for Boston had been given, to get them out of the way. Relatives? There was an older brother in Boston, who had gone there some time ago. He did not know they were coming, but she had his address. At the next station Jefferson got off and brought them back something to eat. This he offered with as much delicacy as if the poor girl had been some lady of his acquaintance.

When Jefferson returned to his place, his friend said, "Let me experiment a little now." So he went and sat down among the children, and talked to them for a time. As he left, he said, "May I leave a little something for the children?" and slipped a quarter into the girl's hand. She made no answer, but looked at the children's bare feet, then out of the window.

Soon a boy came through the train with novels,—"Cruel as the Grave," "A Beautiful Fiend,"—in all, an armful of tragic trash. He left a book in

each seat as he passed, and the girl picked up the detective story which had fallen to her lot. Looking into it, she began on the first page and slowly spelled along. Even so early in the story the excitement rose to a critical pitch. Would the hero dare to do it? She was still in doubt when the boy came back for his book. It was such a handsome hero—black hair and blazing eyes. The children had just had a good dinner. She herself was not a bit hungry. If he should be wounded when he tried it, would the heroine—O, she must know how it came out! She glanced round. The men were gone. Her fingers slowly unclosed, and the moist quarter dropped into the boy's hand. Forgetful of self, of the bare toes, of the coming winter, of everything but her interest in the black-eyed hero, she settled back in her corner with a sigh, and lost herself in the book.

"Well, what do you think now?" Jefferson's friend asked on the back platform of the car, where they had watched the little scene.

"It is not a fair test. It proves nothing," Jefferson replied.

GRACE M. DENNISON, '97.

ELEANOR OF PROVENCE.

She was a queen, and knight and troubadour
  Laid at her fair young feet their praise and song,
Till all that mighty land whose crown she wore
  Echoed her loveliness. The idle throng
To-day scarce see her tomb. The good or wrong
  Linked with her name they know not; but still, where
The Provence hamlets rise, her songs along
  The vintage slopes make sweet her native air,
  And live in peasant hearts. Behold her kingdom there!

HELEN PEARSON MARGESSON, '96.

FETTERS.

The rhythmic pulsing of the chord we love,
  The subtle cadence of the poet's song,
  Cares that attend the power for which we long,
The moral law which leads from earth above.

THE MUSIC OF "TWELFTH NIGHT."

THE feast is done; the merry voices of the revelers become hushed; the senses thrill with pleasure as the play of Twelfth Night is begun, announced by soft and lingering strains of music. The melody stirs the gentler passions,—

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall;
> Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor!"

But it rouses also a spirit of unrest,—

> "Enough; no more:
> 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before."

The words of the duke blend with the music, and though the strain itself dies away, the memory of it lingers, and is heard through the play as the orchestral accompaniment is heard supporting the solo instruments, and giving to them their themes.

The 'cello tones of the duke are followed by the heroine's pure, sweet violin notes; and then, with a quickening of the time, a new theme is introduced by the noisy horn (Sir Toby), the thin oboe tones of Sir Andrew, and Maria's laughing cymbal notes — this time a merry theme, with no trace of pain or passion. In turn, the second violin echoes the love-theme, as Olivia says:—

> "Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
> With an invisible and subtle stealth,
> To creep in at mine eyes."

And now and again comes Malvolio's flageolet voice, with its discordant notes, and the soft, sweet, flute-like voice, the "mellifluous voice" of Feste, which has a merry rhythm, but, withal, a tone of sadness.

> "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
> O stay and hear; your true love's coming
> That can sing both high and low.
> Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
> Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
> Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

The note of "present mirth" given by the flute waxes stronger and stronger; the horn, the oboe and the flute chase each other in quick succession until the merriment of the catch almost drowns the remembered strains of love.

But now the orchestra again sounds the theme of romance with so much strength and passion that the solo instruments cannot leave it. First, the 'cello softly breathes,—

"If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me."

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

The flute voice of Feste sings with the melody :—

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
"My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
"A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad, true lover never find my grave
To weep there."

The song is

. . . . "old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
. . . . . .
Do use to chant it;"

but

"It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd."

And now the violin comes under its spell, and Viola confesses her love.

"My father had a daughter lov'd a man."

Her history?

"A blank, my lord. She never told her love. . . .
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"

The strain suddenly breaks, and the harmony becomes more involved. The violin blends with the horn and the oboe, the base notes of Sebastian enter and mingle with the others, and the cracked flageolet and merry cymbals carry all on in a crash of sound; confused discord reigns. The love theme grows fainter and fainter, until at length the deep base tones of Sebastian take it up. The discord resolves into sweet harmony. Again the instruments play together: the passion theme is heard without the pain; the merry theme with all its merriment is there, and the plaintive yet soothing song of the flute breathes through all.

The music dies. It is only the echo of the love theme that we hear. And now the flute voice sings again; and the song is a story of life.

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;—
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day."

WINIFRED AUGSBURY, '95.

A TRAGEDY.

One windy November afternoon I stood idly watching the reflection of the bare, gray trees in the tiny pond, out of sorts with myself, and even with Nature. Suddenly I was startled by a rushing and pattering, as of many little feet, and turned to see a host of ragged, brown waifs come tumbling, pushing, crowding across the walk, and down the slight incline. For a moment they paused; then with one last, wild leap they were lost in the leaden water! The tragedy was quite in keeping with my mood, and I walked on, smiling grimly, though the victims of this headlong haste were only the dry, dead leaves.

"PAETE, NON DOLET."

Brave Arria, those noble words of thine
Have rung through all the centuries gone by,
Till even now their tones almost divine
Bring the whole scene before the "inward eye."
We see thee strike without a hint of fear;
We see thy heart's red blood leap forth and stain
Thy robes: the dagger to thy husband dear
We see thee give; then hear thee speak again,
"O Paete," and the brave, proud lips confess,
Though quivering, no pain, permit no moan.
"O Paete," e'en the tone is a caress,
As tenderly they whisper, "Dolet non."
What wonder thou shouldst dread to take thy life,
O Paetus, loth to leave so true a wife.

Mary Grace Caldwell, '95.

"BOOTS."

It was a bright day in July. The wind swept around the ship houses of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and sent cadet Roger Tilton's cap dancing down the walk, as he made his way from the Kearsarge to the officers' quarters. Lazily he walked after it, swinging his long arms, and glancing around to see if anyone were near enough to smile. But another puff of wind sent it down toward the water, onto a raft, and then into the water itself. Vexed and frowning he began to pick his way among the shiny stones, when he heard a well-known laugh, and making a trumpet of his hands called out, "Hallo there, Boots!"

He waited, and soon a little girl came flying around the corner of the ship house, right past him, and then stopped abruptly. "Where are you, Mr. Roger? You're hiding, I know you are!" But spying him sitting on the edge of the wharf, she ran up with a cry of surprise, and flung herself, panting, beside him. She was about ten years old; her hat was off, and her brown, short hair had fallen from its comb all over her face. Some muddy pieces of braid were hanging below the short skirts; her stocking seams made spiral curves up her legs, which were so small, and such a contrast to the large shoes at the end (like a hyphen, joining feet and body), that Roger had christened her "Boots." And so she sat by him, laughing in little breathless gasps, snapping her brown eyes up into his face, spreading out her hands, all covered with mud and wheel grease, looking so full of good nature, pluck, and fun that no one could have resisted her. Her companion, at least, could not, for these two were great friends. He liked all children, and all children liked him. He had a gentle way of talking to them, and listening gravely to what they said; of drawing out their opinions, and making them feel full of consequence. He prided himself on this quality, and valued a child's friendship. But for Mary—that was her real name—he felt a great respect, and he talked to her about many serious things; for a young cadet cruising on the coast grows a little tired, sometimes, of dances, teas, and ladies; he wants to think and talk of home. So Mary knew about his mother, and had seen a picture of his little sister, just her age. During his watches she would sit on the ship with him, and talk, in her bright, emphatic little way, hugging her knees with her arms, and beating bugle calls on the deck with her heels. Often she told him that he was just the best cadet she ever saw; that he didn't pull her hair, and call her monkey, and think himself smart, but was always so kind and jolly, and seemed sorry when she cried, or was angry, and always knew how to make her feel right again. At dusk they would sometimes walk together to Lover's Island, and climb upon the reservoir to watch the sun set; for they both thought that the many little islands, each in its setting of blue, with bridges joining them, and clusters of gravestones showing out white on the prominent points, the whole gilded by the setting sun, were as beautiful as anything could be. It was then that Mary said Portsmouth looked like heaven shining out of the clouds.

"Boots," Roger began, "will you feteh my hat for me? See it in the water, eaught under that rudder. I'm too big and awkward to get there."

Mary jumped down on a little steam launch, and bending far over the side, fished out the dripping cap with a stick, and wiping off the water with her dress, put it laughingly on the side of Roger's head.

"Oh, you look just like Mr. Kent!" she exclaimed. "I asked him why he wore his cap on the side, and he said, 'Beeause the ladies like it,'" with a eock of her head and a simpering smile. Then, with a grand sweep of her hand, "He's silly; I don't like him."

Roger, slowly rising, took Mary's hand, and they walked together toward the quarters. "I suppose you have something that you are going to make me do," he said. "Where are you taking me?"

"I'm taking you to the bicycle. I want you to hold me on, please, Mr. Roger. I go a little way, and then I fall off, so I'm bruised all over, and there's no place left to be bruised in."

"I'm afraid those young ladies on the porch up there would laugh at us, Boots, and we ean't stand that, can we? Let's take a stroll, instead. I want to ask your opinion on a few matters, your unreserved opinion—whieh, I must say, you usually give," he added with a smile at the little girl now walking beside him. He was a tall man, with large hands and feet, slightly drooping shoulders, and a rolling, sailor walk. His face was handsome and gentle looking, with a little unobjeetionable expression of confidence in his power of pleasing. He was one of those boys whom mothers feel drawn to, instinctively knowing them to have sweet mothers at home.

They walked over the bridge on the Island toward a cluster of pines near the water.

"You remember the young lady staying with the Gibsons," began Roger; "what do you think of her?"

"I don't like her face, it's all drawn down so," and Mary drew down the corners of her mouth.

"Well, I rather liked it myself. A little sad, perhaps. Are you ever lonely, Boots?"

"O no, sir, never, because when I would be I come to you;" and she smiled brightly up at him.

"I think she's lonely, and so I've been to see her quite often. She has no father or mother. How would you like to have no father or mother?"

"It would be awful!" said Mary, with much emphasis.

"I agree with you," he added, earnestly. "I would be lonely at times if it were not for this warm little hand clinging to mine. Ah, there goes sundown. Hats off, old comrade;" and they both laughingly jerked off their caps and stood facing the west, watching the Navy Yard flag creep down the pole, and whistling the sundown call.

"There's heaven!" cried Mary. "Isn't it pretty, Mr. Roger; isn't it just like heaven, with the spires all shining and the water all gold? When I say my prayers I think of that for heaven, and almost see God shining out of the clouds." And she stood still on the walk, and with a rapt smile gazed out over the water at Portsmouth, softened into a shadowy city by the evening dusk. He came beside her and stood so still that his companion, looking in his face, asked, "What makes you so grave, Mr. Roger? You haven't said anything at all funny to-day."

"Haven't I? Well, let me see. May I hope to see you at the ball to-night?" and with a mock bow he picked a yellow daisy and stuck it in her dress. "Will mam'selle give me a dance?"

She laughed gayly, "Yes, I'll give you a dance; but I can only stay half an hour."

"Only half an hour! Ah, pity this poor heart of mine;" and he began beating his breast and rolling up his eyes, while Mary danced up and down, overcome with laughter and delight.

And so they walked home, laughing and chatting, and parted by the large anchors with much ceremony and many sweeping bows.

The old "Constitution" was to be the scene of the dance. Her door—for since a roof has been built over her she is entered by a door, like a floating ark with masts—was draped in flags, and a marine paced on the shore in front of it, as much for ornament as to usher in the comers. Judging by his looks, he felt all ornament. Inside, flags entirely covered the walls, and were festooned around gangways and brass railings. A small platform had been built in the center, on which the band played while couples danced on the crowded floor; officers and cadets in uniform, and their partners in all sorts of cuts and colors—all surrounded by the glaring red, white, and blue on the walls.

Mary, happy in a white muslin with pink ribbons, pushed her way in and out of the crowd, looking for her old friend. She was met at every turn with greetings sueh as, "Why, Mary, what a pretty dress," or "Please, Mam'selle, give me a danee;" for she was a great favorite with the eadets, and they enjoyed teasing her and making her eyes flash. But she paid little attention besides giving an angry glance or two. She wanted to find Roger first of all, and have her dance with him. She hunted long, and then, tired and disappointed, had made up her mind to go home, when, under the gilt motto, "Don't Give Up the Ship," where the flags were draped with a great show of brilliant red coloring, she saw him sitting with a young girl. Quickly she ran up, and resting her elbows on his knee, put her hot cheek against his shoulder.

"I've been looking for you all over," she said, with her eyes shining; "you promised to danee with me, and I didn't think you would forget."

"Why, you didn't think that I had forgotten, did you?" he said, gently wiping the moist little face and facing her around between his knees. "Now which shall it be, old eomrade,—shall we go and danee in that hot erowd and leave this young lady all alone, or shall we sit here in this eool spot and talk to her, and tell her what fun we have together? Whieh shall it be?"

Mary would rather have daneed, but she felt, by the pleading way he looked at her and held her hand, that he wished to stay.

"I'll stay," she answered, simply. Gayly he lifted her on his knee and turned her toward his eompanion.

"This is Boots," he said, "inimitable Boots. We are great friends, aren't we, little girl? We take long walks together, and talk about the people we know. We talked about you, yesterday, and she said she didn't like your mouth, beeause it was all drawn down. You know you did, you naughty Boots." He shook his finger at her and laughed rather exeitedly.

"Yes, I said so," said Mary; "but he said you were lonely, and so I pitied you. And anyway, it isn't drawn down a bit to-night."

"Isn't it," answered the young girl with a smile. "I don't think it will ever be again, for I'm going to join you in your walks, and you both will make me laugh, so that I won't have a chanee to draw my mouth down;" and she smiled softly over Mary's head at Roger.

"Yes," he went on, hastily, bending his head down and speaking very low; "I'm going to tell you a secret, because I know you are a noble little girl, and because I tell my little sweetheart all things that make me happy. I am going to marry this young lady in a few years. Her name is Elsie. Tell her that she shall be your friend, too, and kiss her good night; then I'll walk home with you."

"Good night, Miss Elsie," said Mary, doing as she was bid.

"Good night, little Boots," returned Elsie, blushing and embarrassed.

Roger took Mary's hand and piloted her through the crowd, out of the door, and down the steps and swaying plank to the ground; then they walked home, he taking such long, quick steps that she had to make little skips to keep up with him. When they came to the front door he shook her little hand many times, and said that he and Miss Elsie would expect her on the morrow's walk. He told her that she looked very tired, and that she must sleep hard, so as to be bright and jolly to-morrow, and make Miss Elsie laugh. Then he strode quickly back to the ship.

Tired little Mary stumbled slowly up stairs, stepping on the pink ribbons and making them drag on the floor. She was quite breathless keeping up with Roger, and the hand which he had held was red and sore from his unconsciously tight hold. She had bravely tried to keep from crying all the way home, but now her chest began to heave. She threw herself on the bed and began to cry as if her heart would break. "He didn't dance with me at all," she sobbed, kicking the footboard with all her might and throwing her comb out of her hair. "I don't want anybody else to walk with us; I hate that old young lady at the Gibson's; I won't make her laugh, and I know he won't come with me ever again; and he's mine, my own Mr. Roger." Then, tired with crying, with her dress all crushed and her face burning, she slipped from the bed. She glanced hastily around, to be sure that no one could possibly see, then knelt down, and with her hands clasped tightly together and the bridge of her nose pressed hard against the edge of a chair, prayed aloud:—

"Dear God, please forgive me for being angry and crying; and please send here another Mr. Tilton just like my Mr. Roger, with gray eyes and curly hair, and—and—a lovely smile; and let him marry—*me*."

DOROTHY ALLEN.

EDITORIALS.

I.

The end is assured from the beginning; and the three long weeks of vacation, which stretched before with such delightful promise when we took the home-bound train from Wellesley, have passed to the resting place of days and weeks and years.

We flattered ourselves when we turned our faces from college for these few weeks, that straightway we should forget college work and ways, and give our thoughts to the world's doings. Our anticipations were fated. There was something in the added respect tendered by the youthful brother, in the fond parental admiration, and in the proud title, "My sister from Wellesley," that bound us to our Alma Mater as surely as the books we had so cheerfully consigned to oblivion. It may have been a matter of surprise that, instead of eager inquiry into the world's transactions, we found ourselves displaying views of the College, explaining the jokes in the "Legenda," and unfolding to the view of appreciative friends the pages of the Magazine, which is supported by the *voluntary* contributions of the students.

It takes a vacation to teach a Wellesley girl how justly proud she is of the College she represents, how close her interests are to its interests; and the close of a vacation opening on the New Year brings back each loyal-hearted student with a desire to do her part in making the year one of advance for the college whose color she wears.

II.

In the *Harvard Graduate's Magazine* for December, seven or eight pages were filled with a most interesting report of the present academic and social condition of Radcliffe College, written by Mary Coes, who, at a late meeting of the Associates, was chosen to represent the graduates for a period of two years.

A few of the points of greatest interest we present here for the benefit of those who may not see the magazine in which the report appeared.

During the year 1893–94, there were two hundred and fifty-five students, while this year there are two hundred and seventy-five, who are taking

courses under seventy-two professors, instructors, and assistants. Of this number twenty-six are graduates of other colleges. About one hundred of the students board in Cambridge.

The minimum fee charged for any student is forty dollars, and the maximum fee, in addition to the special laboratory fees, is two hundred dollars, covering any number of courses.

A statement of receipts for tuition fees and expenditures, for salaries and other current expenses, shows that the income from the former source has been sufficient to meet all the expenses without recourse to the interest on the invested funds of the college. The report of the treasurer shows that at the end of the fiscal year, July 31, 1894, the endowment fund of Radcliffe College amounted in round figures to about $155,000. Since July 31, the college has received three gifts of $5,000 each, one of $75,000, and another of $20,000.

These statements, as well as others which we cannot quote here because of their length, certainly support the remark with which the report opens, that Radcliffe College begins work this year under favorable conditions.

III.

Ignorance in regard to the vital questions of the day is not willful on the part of Wellesley students; but spare moments are few, and enticements to outside pleasures many. How could the time and the means be found for widening our intelligence of the life about us, without infringing upon the brief recreation hours?

The departments of Literature and History have generously come to our aid. They have arranged an attractive course of lectures on current topics, to be given by men and women famous in either a literary or socialistic way. The last hour of Saturday afternoon is set aside for this purpose. The eager girls who throng the chapel at this time, their deep attention and their appreciative comments, testify to the gratitude with which this kindness is received, and to the great need which it has met. The life of to-day, as well as that of years gone by, is of interest, ever increasing as our knowledge broadens and deepens.

For their realization of one of Wellesley's difficult problems, and for their practical solution of it, let heartfelt thanks be tendered to our wise benefactors.

IV.

Is there a growing tendency toward modesty among us, or is it increasing pride? Are we ashamed to own the offspring of our brains because we are unworthy of them, or because they are unworthy of us? Such questions perplex the editorial mind as unsigned articles pile upon the table of the Board, or as fabulous initials are at last discovered.

The responsibility for our productions should not be imposed upon our class, much less ruthlessly thrown upon the entire College. Think not that we are pampering to an idle curiosity in this matter. Work can be more fairly gauged if its writer be known. No one would expect as much from a writer with but one year of college training as from one with four. If we shrink from criticism, perhaps we evade help of a most practical kind. Who of us have not wished to see ourselves as others see us? But now that it has become possible, we timidly reject the offered opportunity.

FREE PRESS.

I.

"Does the Wellesley student in the last year of her college course really need a Senior vacation?" is a question that ought to be seriously considered and agitated. Perhaps one question can be best answered by another. Is the mere acquisition of knowledge the only or the most valuable thing that the Wellesley graduate takes away from college? If education consisteth solely in the number of facts that a man or woman hath, then the Wellesley student ought to cast the thought of Senior vacation behind her back; for, after four years' training, the number of facts that can be transferred in two weeks from reference book to notebook, and from notebook to brain, is something incredible. If our degrees mean simply the ability to tabulate well, or to do "very creditable" argumentative work, then the sound of the grinding should not cease until we have gone out from the halls of our "College Beautiful." But if education is the ability to grasp the "meaning of facts," if it is better insight into life and its problems, finer sensibilities, keener appreciation of the beauties and deformities of life, then perhaps the last two weeks in college would not be wasted, even if instead of reading the "Congressional Records" or the *Westminster Review*, we

were to dream on the lake, talk with college friends, or visit our favorite Wellesley haunts. If we have Senior vacation, we may forget in what year Charlemagne was crowned emperor, but our last impressions of those two weeks would be lasting, either by contrast or by harmony with our previous Wellesley experience. If we have been one of the unfortunates who have always been hurried, those last weeks would be like "a peace out of pain." If we have been among the fortunate few who are always masters of their time, we would have a delightful close to a delightful course.

It is no new thing for which we plead. Amherst had a Senior vacation thirty years ago, and now has one of a week's duration. At Smith the members of the graduating class have no examinations after February. Vassar, in 1886, at least, had a Senior vacation. At Dartmouth the Seniors are excused from chapel a few days previous to Commencement. At Wesleyan University the members of the graduating class, with the exception of those who have elected courses not strictly Senior, are through their examinations two weeks before Commencement. If you are saying that in the colleges cited, the vacation is given in order that the Commencement speakers may have time to prepare their parts, let me remind you that the large majority of the class do not have parts. Besides, if these colleges that have had the Senior vacation system for years, felt it to be injurious to the larger part of the class, means would certainly have been devised to keep idle hands or brains busy. This is not a matter of interest to the present Senior class alone, for every class has its turn in being Senior. A member of the Class of '94 took up the cause in a recent number of the Magazine. Can we not hear from the members of the different classes on this subject?

B., '95.

II.

"This higher education for women is all well enough, but a girl ought to know something," was a remark made, so Charles Dudley Warner says in a recent *Harper's*, by a cultivated woman who was discussing the value of college education for women. This is rather a severe criticism. Can it be said that, after four years of intellectual work, a girl knows nothing, or, to express it less extremely, that she is ill informed on questions of the day, and deficient in general culture?

To be sure, a college girl has probably read fewer books than the girl who spends these four years in the society life of to-day, with its clubs and classes of all kinds. It is easier to read good books when reading is one's severest mental work than when it is one's rest and recreation. Yet even at Wellesley we do read. The difficulty with which one secures the last magazine, and the avidity with which we borrow copies of "Trilby," "Marcella," and "The Manxman," not to mention "The Heavenly Twins," "The Yellow Aster," and "Ships that Pass in the Night,"—I beg Miss Harraden's pardon for placing her in this category,—attest the diligence with which we attempt to keep up with current literature. I know, too, not a few girls who read in their leisure hours, Emerson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Ruskin, besides poetry old and new. Is it just to call us wholly deficient in culture?

Perhaps we do not know so much as we might of questions of the day, but the daily perusal of the bulletin board—and most of us do read, at least, so much—informs us that there are questions of the day, though we may be unacquainted with the details of any one of them. Still, ignorant as we are, I hardly think many Wellesley girls would ask, as I heard a not unintelligent girl ask this summer, "But don't the Sandwich Islands belong to the United States?"

Besides what little general information a girl may acquire, she must learn something from four years' academic work. Mr. Warner complains that a college girl has merely a smattering of various subjects; but is not a smattering better than total ignorance? And according to our curriculum, a graduate must have rather more than a smattering in two subjects.

Since, then, college girls do know something, is there any ground for the remark quoted above? The same charge virtually has been made in so many different ways and by so many different people, friends as well as foes to the higher education, that one can hardly dismiss it as a baseless fabrication. Is not the fault, after all, not with our knowledge, but with our capacity for self-expression, as it has recently been phrased? It is but natural that we should be lacking in this respect. For four years we lead a life of isolation. We are thrown upon the companionship of our mental equals alone. That community of interest which makes college life so delightful, tends, also, to confine our conversation pretty exclusively to gossip and "shop"; we even have a jargon of our own, which is not easily intelligible to outsiders.

It is not surprising, then, that when we leave college, we find ourselves unable to talk intelligently and interestingly. One can even see some justice in a comment like the foregoing. Yet when one of our most brilliant girls is considered hopelessly uninteresting by people of intelligence and culture, as actually occurred not long since, something must be pretty radically wrong.

Is this one of the inevitable results of college life? If not, can we remedy it ourselves, or must it be done for us? If it rests with us, how shall we set about it?

L. M., '96.

III.

It seems useless to require a busy Wellesley girl to hand in a notebook. But let it be understood from the beginning, that when the object is the study of tabulation, we recognize the benefit gained. In other cases, however, it means extra work, and work which appears unnecessary; for she must often copy extracts from books which are always at hand, and to which she could go as easily as to her notebook. It means that she must write out in full what a word might be sufficient to suggest to her own mind if the notes were for her own benefit merely. It means time which a girl would gladly spend in a dozen other ways, possibly in studying more deeply into the very subject for which she spends her time writing notes. But what does it mean to her teacher? Does it represent what a girl is gaining from the course of study? Not at all. Too often whole extracts are written down without being understood; they are in the notebook,—no more is needful. Does it mean that a college girl cannot be trusted to learn for herself, without being obliged to display continually an outline of her knowledge? If a college girl does not want to learn, it is useless to attempt to force her. Why not, then, if a girl recites intelligently, writes papers and examinations intelligently, trust to these real representations of her work, and let her notebook be personal property,—a use, and not a torment.

Two Seniors.

IV.

Although I fear it is rather late in the day, I desire to join with "'95" in a protest against the wholesale denunciation of the college lunch system and college manners, which appeared in the November number of the

Magazine. There is one alumna who "looks back," if not "with pride and complacency," at least with distinct pleasure to the "noontide meal." Never in the two and a half years of my life in College Hall did I see such an exhibition of discourtesy as is set forth in the article mentioned. A host of pleasant memories crowd upon me as I recall the "lunch clubs" of my Freshman and Sophomore years, but I will not take time to write of them, for I wish to speak especially of the table at which I sat during the first term of my Junior year. I wonder if there is one of those girls who does not recall those luncheons with pleasure. To be sure, there was the inevitable array of hash, and pie, and gingerbread; but what of that? They were usually good. The girls took turns in coming down promptly to get enough bread, milk, etc., to begin the meal comfortably, and the first comer often poured the water, cut the butter, and performed numerous little services of the kind. Of course there were two or three who always did more than their share of the work, but I am not exaggerating when I say that many were the playful "squabbles" at every lunch for the privilege (?) of going after needed supplies. I never saw one single girl help herself a second time to pie, sauce, or cake, without first looking to see if all were provided for. And besides all this, what good times we had; what lengthy discussions and tremendous arguments on all possible subjects! You may think I am overdrawing on the other side, but there are eight members of '94 who will, I am sure, indorse every word of this.

My experience at Stone Hall during the two following terms was no less pleasant: lunch was always to me a delightful meal, and I trust that she who did so much to make that part of the day bright and restful for the students, never "walked in with a guest" to find such a fearful state of things as the unfortunate teacher to whom "E. E. B." alludes.

I should have been glad to take any friends of mine to that Junior lunch table, or to the one at Stone Hall, that I might show them how thoughtful and helpful Wellesley girls were even in the midst of a busy day, and when freed from the restraints of a formal meal. It was admitted that things were better at the cottages, so I will not speak of my experiences there.

One word further I want to add to my already lengthy communication. We are all proud of our Free Press. It is the place to speak openly, truthfully, boldly, but is there no danger of our abusing our liberty? We

Wellesley women know the college life so well that we can make all necessary allowances, and read between the lines, but our Magazine goes to half a hundred other colleges. To "E. E. B." all the unpleasant details she mentions seem "sadly true," while I can scarcely recognize it as a picture of Wellesley life at all. But to the members of the various Editorial Boards to whom the Magazine finds its way, this probably seems a simple statement of the universal custom prevailing at Wellesley, possibly at all women's colleges! Is it just? Do you think it fair, either to Alma Mater or to individual girls, that such an impression should be made on the minds of those who cannot judge from experience?

CLARISSA WHITE BENSON, '94.

V.

IT seems incongruous, to say the least, that our friends who come to see us should pay more to ride to and from college than they do for an excursion ticket to Boston. At Vassar stages are run to all trains free of charge. We cannot yet hope for such an ideal state of affairs, but surely we might ask for a reduction of fare. The stage corporation would certainly not lose by the transaction, for many a girl who now walks, would ride if the price were merely the nominal sum charged in all our cities. I speak especially in behalf of those who live in the village. Twenty cents is more than any girl cares to pay day after day to ride during unpleasant weather. The consequence is she walks instead. In so doing she frequently endangers her health by bringing into recitation rooms wet skirts and boots, not to mention the discomfort which she causes to those around her.

Since the students of the college are the supporters of the stage line, it is reasonable to suppose that their requests would be heeded if known. Is there not some way by which we can bring about, with the New Year, this much-needed change?

EXCHANGES.

ASIDE from a general holiday tone, fine illustrations constitute the most noteworthy feature of the December magazines. In this respect the Elmira College *Sibyl* and the Bryn Mawr *Lantern* easily lead; their cuts, although the work of students, being unusually well drawn. The *Sibyl* is noticeable

also for the number of Christmas stories and poems it contains; still the text, "Peace on Earth," has served so many writers this month, it is difficult to single out any one for special excellence.

The college short story is making a distinct place for itself in current literature. The *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* presents an example of the really artistic work offered us nowadays by amateur authors, in "Which Was His Duty?" a Scotch story by Andrew Gillies. The Tragic "Clerical Cowardice," in the Cornell *Era*, and "Though I Speak With the Tongues of Men and Angels," in the *Red and Blue*, are also especially well written. In somewhat lighter vein, but yet of more than average merit, "Carl," in the *Brown Magazine*, and "A Woman of Impulse" in the *Vassar Miscellany*, may be mentioned.

"A Psychological Mystery," in the *Red and Blue*, and "Imagination," in the *Yale Courant*, are but two more instances of the growing tendency toward that analytical study of the mind and its workings, which is becoming almost too common in all our periodicals.

It is refreshing to turn from such gloomy conceits to a bright bit of nature sketching, entitled "Lilac Blossoms," by Cornelius Ketchel, in the *Yale Courant*. Writers in the *Courant*, indeed, often excel in delicate and sympathetic descriptions.

Following "Lowell, the Poet," in the November *Williams Lit.*, a scholarly paper on the "Reform Poetry of Lowell" appears in the *Red and Blue* for December. The *Red and Blue* also contains an appreciative criticism of the "Poetry of Poe."

Of verse too long to quote, "A Vision," by Champlin Burrage, in the *Brunonian*, is perhaps the best. We take this fine "Fragment" from the *Williams Literary Monthly*:—

Lost the sweet peace which calm forbearance finds;
Two harsh, contentious brothers ne'er agree,
But are like branches of one sturdy tree,
That lash each other madly in the winds.

We also clip the following:—

SEEKING.

Seeking is what?
Merely a step in the dark;
The launch of an unstable bark
On a mysterious sea.

A quest for the ever unseen;
A struggle to peer through the screen
That hides what no mortal should see;

Futile desires unexpressed;
Yearnings and cravings for rest,—
Rest from uncertainty.

—*Cornell Era.*

DAWN.

Along toward morning
I heard the swallows call,
With a rustle, and a flutter,
And a twitter sweet and small;
From the eaves and from the gutter,
Darting downward, one and all.
And I sighed to be a swallow,
With untired wing to follow
Through the April air,
Over hill and nestled hollow,
Brushing blossoms from the pear,—
Along toward morning.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

A SEA PICTURE.

The sun sinks low, and all the sea around
Is bathed in wondrous beauty by his light.
The gentle waves give forth the only sound
That breaks the silence of this coming night.
The sun has gone, and dipped his golden rim
Beneath the wave. Now darkness comes apace;
A star peeps forth; while out the distance dim
The sea fog floats, and in its still embrace
Enwraps the wearied Earth, and veils her face.

—*Yale Courant.*

SONNET.

Though thronging myriads of flaming spheres
Traverse the trackless azure fields of space;
Though sense perceives no potent hand that steers
The comet in its self-outstripping race;
Though starting eyes see loosened stars descend,
And tremblers fear earth's final day is done,—
A mighty force compels each orb to bend
Its course about some glowing central sun.
The star that seems to fall, and fan its flame
To self-destruction, follows where 'tis led;
The headlong comet, heedless whence it came
And whither going, by that power is sped.
So Love Eternal silently controls
And guides the great unrest of errant souls.

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

BOOK REVIEW.

An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction, by William Edward Simonds. D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, $1.00.

Within this small book lies much of intense interest, as well as of helpful information. In a modest prefatory note the author disclaims all intention of writing an exhaustive, scientific treatise of English fiction. His aim is briefly and concisely to outline its evolution, and "to indicate the successive epochs in its growth." This he has done with marked success. The laws of cause and effect are set before us so clearly, and in such a vivid, forceful style, that we follow with intelligent interest from the stirring tales loved and sung by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to our present realistic novel, tinged with modern pessimism. The last half of the volume is devoted to characteristic selections from the works of early and less accessible writers of fiction. This, in itself, with the carefully arranged historical tables and reference lists, would commend the book to all students and lovers of English literature.

President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, who has written upon various college questions, has just brought out a small volume entitled "The College Woman." The book is earnest, thoughtful, and thoroughly readable. It discusses "Some Problems Concerning Her," and considers in a clear, concise way whether woman should have a college education; what her course should be; what environment is suited to her best development; and what method is preferable, whether coeducation, coordinate education, or separate education in colleges for women alone. The arguments for and against each are stated fairly, but the coordinate method is advocated, since the men and the women may then have the same professors, the same libraries, the same administration of justice, and yet be in distinct colleges and separate class rooms. Dr. Thwing also considers a number of practical questions, such as the matter of rooms, of exercise, of regular habits. He believes that a girl should not sleep and study in the same room, and that she should be bound by as few rules as possible, though he would retain the ten o'clock rule. He sees no reason why the college girl should not be the healthiest and happiest in the world, and he claims for her a large share in the

evolution of a nobler civilization, finding her proper sphere of influence in the home, which "exists for nothing less than Humanity." The Baker & Taylor Co., Publishers, New York. $1.00.

We have received this month a most attractive little book entitled "Wesleyan Verse." That college verse is well worth preservation, was proved by the excellence of a collection called "Cap and Gown," which came out two years ago; and we are glad to welcome another volume of a similar character. The muse sings in varying moods, and touches upon subjects grave as well as gay. If we enjoy the lighter themes most, it is because they seem better adapted to the pen of the undergraduate, who rightly glories in his youth, and cannot be expected to chant songs born of long experience.

In the small volume entitled "Difficult Modern French," Monsieur Albert Tenne has collected extracts from the works of the most celebrated writers produced by France in this century. The basis of the selection was not the setting forth of any literary theory, nor yet the bringing together of the great masterpieces of fiction. It was merely to satisfy that oft-felt need of finding in some one book various articles which would display the chief difficulties of the French language. The full geographical and historical notes do away with many a knotty point, and leave the way clear for struggles of a more purely technical nature. But a careful study, in whatever line, of the writers here represented cannot fail to aid in the appreciation of the wonderful literary work accomplished by France within the last few years. Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Agora was held December 15. After impromptu speeches on

Secretary Carlisle's Currency Reform .	Elva Young,
The President's Message	Miriam Hathaway,
Situation in Armenia	Elizabeth Ziegler,

the following programme was presented:—

City as a Corporation	Caroline Davis.
Campaign Methods in the City . .	Gertrude Devol.
The Police in the City: its Organization and Duties	Mary North.

An informal discussion of the subjects followed.

At a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society held Saturday evening, December 8, the following programme on the Realistic Short Story was presented :—

The Art of Construction	Miss Jacobus.
A Comparative Study in Realism . .	Miss Shaw.
Music	Miss Miller.
The Influence of Society on the Short Story,	Miss May.
Presentation of Howells's "Mouse Trap."	

Miss Sue Huntington, Miss Marion Mitchell, '94, and Miss Mary Miller, '97, were present at the meeting.

A meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday, December 15. The second of two programmes on Herodotus was given :—

I. Herodotus as the Father of History .	Julia Randall.
II. Herodotus as a Traveler . . .	Ida Brooks.
III. The Religious Ideas of Herodotus .	Caroline Peck.
IV. Reading: "Letter to Herodotus," by Andrew Lang	Elizabeth Haynes.
V. Selections:	
a (In Greek) Solon and Crœsus .	Margaret Simmons.
b (Translated) Artemisia . .	Annie Chute.

A social meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday, December 8, at the Eliot.

A regular meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Saturday evening, December 1. The following programme was given :—

Cologne, the City	Margaret Starr.
The Cathedral	Fanny Carpenter.
The Museum	Warrene Piper.
Rubens	Elfie Graff.
Queen Louise	Lucy Willcox.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, Saturday evening, December 15. The following programme on Hamlet was given:—

I.	Shakespeare News	Louise Loomis.
II.	A Study of the Plot of Hamlet . .	Virginia Sherwood.
III.	Dramatic Representation. Act V., Scene 1.	
IV.	The Lyric in Hamlet . . .	Alice Hunt.
V.	The Supernatural of the Play . .	Cornelia Park.
VI.	Tableaux: Act I., Scene 4. Act III., Scene 4.	

Mary McLean, '96, and Florence Bennett, '97, were made members of the Society. Margaret Hardon, '92, was present at the meeting.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Thursday, January 10.—Term opens.
Saturday, January 19.—Examinations begin.
Sunday, January 20.—Rev. C. S. Goodell preaches.
Monday, January 21.—Concert.
Sunday, January 27.—Rev. S. R. Fuller preaches.
Thursday, January 31.—Day of Prayer.
Sunday, February 10.—Rev. F. Mason North preaches.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Friday, November 30, the opening services were held in the newly completed chapel of St. Andrew's parish, Wellesley. An interesting address was given by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of the Diocese. The chapel is an attractive little building of stone and wood, and its erection will supply a need which many have felt. It will always be a free church, to which strangers will be welcome; and as the parish which supports it is itself

small, it is hoped that friends of the church connected now or at any time in the past with the College, will feel interested in helping to build up a church home for those to come.

College work was resumed Friday, November 30, after the short Thanksgiving recess.

On Saturday afternoon, December 1, a lecture was given in the chapel by Mr. Henry Lloyd, of the Carpenters' Union of Boston. His subject was "Trades-Unions and Strikes." This lecture was one in the series which has been given this year before the departments of History and Literature.

Professor Moore, of Andover, preached in the chapel Sunday, December 2.

On Sunday evening, December 2, the regular monthly missionary meeting of the Christian Association was held. Miss Hodgkins addressed the meeting.

A concert was given Monday evening, December 3, by Miss Eleanor Hooper. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a violin recital and of the reading of a romance written by Miss Hooper.

On Saturday evening, December 8, some of the members of the Christian Association gave a social in the gymnasium. This was given for the entertainment of the servants in College Hall.

Dr. H. A. Stimson, of New York, preached in the chapel Sunday, December 9.

On Sunday evening, December 9, Miss Florence Ben Oliel addressed the College. She spoke of her mission in Jerusalem.

The members of Phi Sigma living at Freeman gave a reception for the society Monday afternoon, December 10.

An informal dance was given in the gymnasium Monday evening, December 10, by Miss Constance Emerson.

Professor Francis Stoddard, of the University of New York, lectured before the College Monday evening, December 10. His subject was "The Romance of the Sixteenth Century." He considered the Arcadia, the New Atlantis, and the Utopia. The lecture was very interesting, and was fully appreciated by those who heard it.

A unique entertainment for college was the doll show given in the gymnasium Saturday evening, December 15. Many members of the College have been improving their spare moments the past weeks, and the result was shown in the three hundred dolls which were exhibited. These dolls were dressed to be sent to the College Settlements for distribution among the children.

Dr. Robbins, of the New York College Settlement, addressed the College Saturday afternoon, December 15.

On Sunday, December 16, Dean Hodges, of Harvard, preached in the chapel.

The usual Christmas vespers were held Sunday evening, December 16. The singing was conducted by Professor Hill, and the Beethoven Society gave many beautiful and appropriate Christmas pieces.

On Monday evening, December 17, a song recital was given in the chapel by Mr. Eliot Hubbard, of Boston.

Miss Marsland, a former student of the College, read before the classes in Elocution Tuesday afternoon, December 18.

Correction. The name of Helen Bisbee was given in the College notes for December as factotum of the Beethoven Society. This should have read Katherine Bisbee.

College closed Wednesday, December 19, for a three weeks' vacation.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club was organized at a meeting held in the Y. M. C. A. building, Hartford, June 21. Twenty-four members were present. For the year '94–'95 the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Telulah Abercrombie Douglas; Vice President, Miss Florence Fisherdick, '89; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Katharine Horton, '89. Miss Knox was the guest of the occasion, and spoke of the changes in the curriculum and general life at Wellesley. Eight members of the Glee Club, who were at the meeting as the guests of Miss Edith Sawyer, rendered a number of Wellesley songs. The second meeting of the Club was held at Hotel Heublein, Hartford, November 10. The following members were

present: Mrs. Jennie Chapman Wells, '82, Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, Mrs. Frances Scudder Williams, '85, Mrs. May Ely Mitchelson, '87, Miss Florence Fisherdick, '89, Miss Katharine Horton, '89, Miss Amalie Sternberg, '91, Miss Mabel Clark, '92, Miss Jennie Loomis, '92, Miss Laura Mattoon, '94, Miss Caroline Saxton Eveleth, Miss Minnie Webster, and Miss Helen Alden. Lunch was served at 2 P. M.; a letter was read from Miss Grace Cooley, who wrote of the year then beginning at Wellesley; and the social hour that followed was all too short for the exchange of greetings and Wellesley news.

A meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held November 17. Miss Clara Helmer, '93, was made President, Miss Helen Hill, Secretary.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held December 8. An account of the meeting may be given in the February Magazine.

The fall meeting of the Electoral Board of the College Settlements Association was held at 617 St. Mary Street, Philadelphia, October 27, 1894. Twenty-one electors were present,—from Wellesley, two, Vassar, one, Bryn Mawr, two, Radcliffe, one, Wells, one, Cornell, one, Swarthmore, one, Elmira, two, Mt. Holyoke, one, Woman's College, Baltimore, two, noncollegiate, one, associate members, six. The morning session was spent in the transaction of business. After lunch, reports from the settlements in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia were read by their respective head workers, and a paper was read by Miss Helena S. Dudley, of Denison House, on "The Relation of Settlements to the Industrial Problem."

Miss Vida D. Scudder is studying at the Sorbonne. Her address is 86 Boulevard de Port-Royal.

The friends of Miss Marion Metcalf, '80, will be sorry to know of the death of her mother and seventeen-year-old brother. Miss Metcalf has been obliged to give up her work at Hampton, and to return to her home in Elyria, Ohio.

Miss Anna Brown, '83, is President of the Philadelphia branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Dr. Harriet Rice, '87, is a resident physician at Hull House.

Miss Venette Crain, '88, is spending the winter at Hull House, Chicago, and has in charge the Relief Work.

Miss Harriet Stone, '88, is the recording secretary of the Chicago Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. Miss Maud Straight, '92, is its treasurer.

Among the literary students who have gone out from Wellesley should be noted Miss Margaret Steele Anderson, of Louisville, Ky., who pursued special studies in English literature and kindred subjects at the College during the year '87–'88. Miss Anderson has since published a few poems in the *Cosmopolitan* and the *New England Magazine*, little in quantity, but delicate and true in quality. Our selection is taken from the *Cosmopolitan* of September, 1892 :—

CHILDLESS.

Up to the little grave, all blossom-kept,
They went together. And one hid her face,
And sobbed aloud the child's dear name, and wept.
The other stood apart a little space,
With dim and wistful eyes. "Dear Lord," she said,
"It must be sweet, although the child is dead!"

Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, has returned home from Philadelphia, where she attended the meeting of the Electoral Board of the College Settlements Association, visited Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89, Miss Mary Stinson, '89, Miss Helen Foss and Miss Harriet Blake, '94, Miss Florence Hoopes, '93, and spent three days at the Philadelphia Settlement. Miss Williamson spends four mornings at Hull House, one at the University Settlement, is studying music, is a member of the Library Committee of the Y. W. C. A., is a member of the Friday Club, and is reading German and Italian.

Miss Rosa Dean, '90, has an article on "Indian Teaching Service under the Civil Service Law," in *The School Journal* for Nov. 3, 1894.

Miss Ethel Glover, '90, has a club of little girls on Saturday afternoons at the University Settlement, 4655 Gross Avenue, Chicago. She spent her Christmas vacation in residence at the Settlement.

The address of Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, is 2 Grove Street, Oxford, England.

Miss May Newcomb, '91, spent her vacation with Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, in Chicago.

Miss Madeleine Freeman, '92, is assistant in the High School of Thompsonville, Conn.

Miss Maude Straight and Miss Virginia Dodge, both of '92, are taking the library course at the Armour Institute, Chicago.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, and Miss Josephine Redfield, '91, are teaching in the same Grammar School, Hyde Park, Chicago.

Miss Tadzu Sugiye, '91–'94, is teaching in Osaka, Japan, in a Christian school for girls. Miss Sugiye is at the head of the literary department of the school, and in writing of her work she says: "I teach three classes in Chinese literature, two in English, one in the history of Japanese literature, and one in botany. Besides, I have to correct the Japanese compositions produced from the classes, and to give a lecture each week on the Japanese rhetoric. Added to all these, I have to give lessons in Yankee cookery. Though we are so busy in our daily work, we are yet bold enough to spend the rest of our time in editing a quarterly magazine, and we have just published the first number of this."

Laura C. Green, '93, is teaching in the High School at Pittsfield, Illinois. Miss Green held the same position last year.

Miss Laura H. Jones, '93, is at home studying German and music.

Miss Nan M. Pond, '93, is taking the two years' course at the State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Mary R. Tooker, '93, is at home, East Orange, N. J.

Miss Mary Newton Young, '93, is spending the winter at her home in Mittineague, Mass.

Miss Mabel Keller, Mus., '94, spent the vacation in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Fan Sanderson, '93, and Miss Minnie Van Slyke, '89–'90, spent Sunday, December 2, at College.

Miss Harriet Tuell, '91, Miss Agnes Damon, '93, Miss Mary Hazard, '93, Miss Lillian Quinby, '94, spent Sunday, December 9, at the College.

Miss Grace Cummings, '91, and Miss Edith White, '93, were at the College December 15.

Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, spent Sunday, December 16, at College.

Miss Ruth Clark, '92–'93, spent several days at the College in December.

Miss Mabel W. Learoyd, '94, is teaching Latin and Greek in McLean Seminary, Simsbury, Conn.

Miss Anna H. Blauvelt, '94, is teaching in Elizabeth, N. J.

Miss Annie May Henderson, '94, is teaching in the Worcester, Mass., High School.

Miss Mary E. Hart, '92–'94, is teaching in Glendale, Ohio.

Miss Julia S. Buffington, '94, is now in Japan, where she will spend ten weeks. She started on July 23, 1894, to spend a year in traveling around the world.

This year there are nearly forty Americans at Oxford, England, most of them students ambitious to reflect credit upon themselves and their beloved country. Wellesley has three representatives,—a larger number than any other one college, at least than any other woman's college. Miss Sherwin, '90, is pursuing courses in History, Miss Hathaway, '90, is studying Latin, and Miss Macaulay, '92, English Literature. The facilities for study, especially in the line of Classics and History, are unsurpassed. On Thanksgiving evening a reception was held by the Americans in honor of the day, and the occasion proved to be so enjoyable that an American Club has been formed. This club will be partly literary and partly social in its nature.

Through the kindness of Miss Coman the series of lectures on current events, which is being given at Wellesley Saturday afternoons, is repeated at the Old Colony Chapel, Boston, Monday afternoons, for the friends and neighbors of Denison House. Miss Coman and Miss Kendall have already spoken there, and Miss Bates and Miss Knox are expected for the first two meetings in January. The course is well attended and very much enjoyed.

A class in History of Art has been started at Denison House by Miss Kitty Payne Jones, Wellesley, '85. The class meets every Monday evening, and the Arundel prints have been kindly loaned by the Art Museum to illustrate the lectures.

A class in gymnastics, meeting Monday evenings, has been recently started by Denison House.

The following is a notice of Denison House Conferences: A series of lectures on social and industrial problems is arranged for the first Mondays in the month at four o'clock in the afternoon. The following speakers are expected: November 5, Helena S. Dudley; December 3, Robert A. Woods; January 6, Dean Hodges; February 3, Rev. Robert E. Ely; March 3, John Graham Brooks.

FROM THE NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

95 Rivington Street, New York City.

Christmas time at the Settlement was, as usual, a busy and merry season. The Christmas tree blazed beneath its lighted candles full seventeen different times, before as many different groups of wondering children, merry young men and maidens, and the quieter, but no less pleased, older folk.

We try to make the children feel that the Christmas season is a time for giving rather than receiving, and for weeks beforehand the little boys and girls in the clubs were busy fashioning with needle and thread, or penknife and wood, some little gift for each mother.

On the Sunday before Christmas our doors were thrown hospitably open to any small people who happened to be lingering in the vicinity of the Settlement steps. The children poured in until the rooms were full to overflowing; then, while they watched the fairy tree flash and sparkle in the candlelight, they listened to the beautiful story of the first Christmas, and learned to sing the merry Christmas songs. On Christmas day a party of twenty-five children, under the charge of several of the "residents," went into the country to the home of one of the friends of the Settlement, where they spent an ideally happy day.

One hundred and twenty-five new mammas would like to say "Thank you" to all the unknown Wellesley friends who sent the Christmas dolls.

Miss Emily Shultz, '94, spends Monday afternoons at the Rivington Street Settlement, assisting in the Rosebud Club.

Miss Candace Stimson is a member of the local committee of the New York Settlement. She also has charge of the Keystone Club, which meets on Thursday evenings.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, and Miss Abbie Goodloe, visited the New York Settlement in December.

MARRIED.

Burns–Clough.—On Tuesday, December 18, 1894, Miss Bertha H. Clough, '93, to Mr. Randall White Burns. At home Tuesdays after February 1, 2420 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Goodrich–Stephens.—On Tuesday afternoon, November 27, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., Annie Blair Stephens, '83–'85, to Rev. Chauncey William Goodrich. The Rev. Mr. Goodrich, with his bride, will sail for Europe in the steamship Fuerst Bismarck on December 8, to remain abroad for some months.

BORN.

Nov. 23, 1894, a son, George Rolfe Humphries, to Mrs. Florence Yost Humphries, instructor in Latin, '88–'89. Mrs. Humphries' home is 2348 West Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 20, 1894, in Pittsfield, a second daughter to Mrs. Florence Newman Peirson, Art Sp., '86–'90.

November, a son to Mrs. Nettie Parker McCauley.

Easton, Penn., to Mrs. Nellie Tilton Warfield, '86, a girl.

Philadelphia, Penn., to Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87, a girl.

Malden, Mass., Nov. 11, 1894, a daughter, Lois, to George H. and Adelaide Alexander Perkins (Wellesley, '91). Mrs. Perkins' address is 203 Cross Street, Malden, Mass.

DIED.

Avon, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1894, Mrs. Emma Markham Puffer, mother of the Misses Isabel and Linda Puffer, Class of '91.

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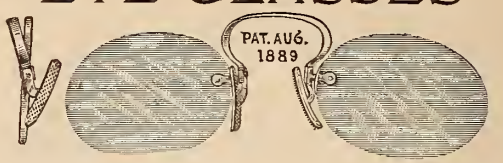

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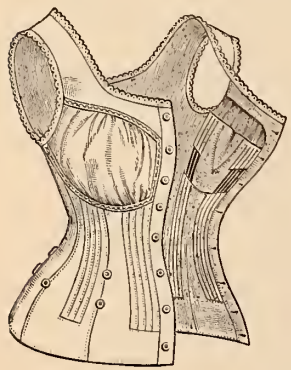

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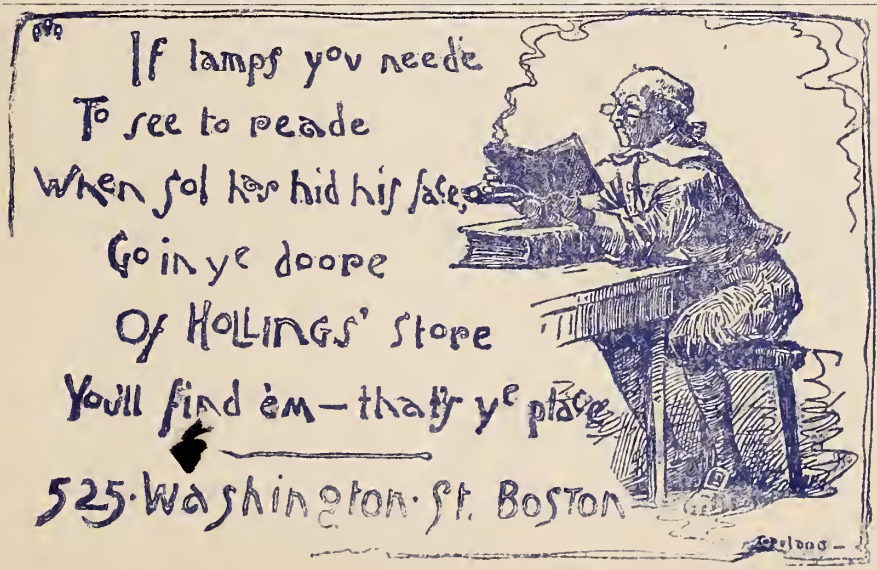

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